

MY SOUL.

When that the evanescence shows of life
Are vanished from us or are memories
Of flowers and times and shapes of other seas;
While friends and sweethearts death's ready-
less knife
Has slit away even while love was rife.
And one by one are lost the golden keys
That open our thoughts and give the power
To please;
And we're as nothing whether for joy or strife—
What shall we be when comes that certain
time?
Singers in fame's great cage of birds, not
hush?
Shapes in the commonplace of things unsung?
Out of the paradise of holy rhyme?
Oh, let me soul flee to some world sublimer!
And feel that it will still be living, young!
—Edward S. Creamer in New York Sun.

DEAD MAN'S HAND.

"It was a hot day in June," said the old cattlemen as he thoughtfully read the maker's name in his sombrero, "an' while not possessin' one of these here heat gauges to say accurate I'm allowin' it was ridin' hard on jest such weather as this. The Tucson mail was in, an' a band of us was at the post-office a makin' of demands for letters when in comes Cherokee Hall, lookin' some moody, an sets himself down on a sheep.

"Which you no doubt thinks as how you'll take some mischievous yourself this mornin'," says Doc Peters, a citizen of Tucson, "I'm allowin' it was ridin' hard on jest such weather as this. The Tucson mail was in, an' a band of us was at the post-office a makin' of demands for letters when in comes Cherokee Hall, lookin' some moody, an sets himself down on a sheep.

"Let me get a word in, gents," says Cherokee, plenty calm, "an don't no one set in his stack unless he's to a hand. I does business yore my way, an I'm shoddy to down the last man who shoots across my bar of mine. Don't make no mistaile, or the next cuss'll count one behind, shore."

"What be you all aavin' to celebrate, anyhow?" says Jack Moose, not in the big man's gun, while Boggs gets Gentry's.

"What's Wolfville entertainin' yere, I'd like to know?"

"I'm a Wells-Fargo detective," says the big man, "an this yere I-partin' to old Gentry, is Jim Yates, the biggest holdup at stage robbery between here an Frisco. That old waggon'll stop a stage like a young one would a clock, just to see what's in it. He's the man I was pastin' up the notice for this mornin'!"

"There ain't no one weak-minded enuf to write to me none," says Cherokee, "which I remarks this vere phenomenon with pleasure. Mailbags peak grief, not joy, an I ain't havin' no hand in the game whatever. It's 15 years since I buys a stamp or gets a letter, an all thisthere-force is assumed complete."

"Fifteen years is share a long time," says Enright, an then we all hops into our letters again. Finally Cherokee breaks in once more.

"Latin t' mind to invest Wolfville in no superstitious fears," says Cherokee, "but I jest chronicles as a current event how I was slittin' into a little poker last night, an three times straight I picks up on the hand the dead man hold—jacks up on eightes—an it win every time."

"Who all lose to it?" asks Dan Boggs, some breathless.

"Why," says Cherokee, "it's every time that old hogher as comes in from Tucson back some two weeks ago."

"Yes," says Boggs, a-gettin' mighty decided, "an you bet your saddle an throw the pony in death is fixin' its sight for him right now. It's shadly a-warnin', an I'm givin' a whole lot it isn't none of the boys that all."

"You see, this vere stranger who Cherokee miffles at comes over from Tucson a little while before this. He has long white hair an beard, an jellin' from the rings on his horns, he was maybe a-comin' 60. He seemed like he had plenty of money, an we takes it he's all right. His leavin' Tucson showed he had sense, so we cashes him at his own figger. Of course we all never asks his name none, as askin' names an lookin' at the brands on a horse is speasil' rodeo in the west an shows your bringin' up, an frequent your bringin' down, but he allows he's called old Bill Gentry, to the boys, an he an Faro Nell are particular friendly."

"Talkin' to him," says Faro Nell, "is jest like a-yin' in the shade. He knows everything, too, all about books an things all over the world. He was n-tellin' me, too, as how he had a daughter like me that dies way back somers about w'en I was a yearlin'. He feels a heap bad about it yet, an I gets so sorry for him, so old an white."

"An you may gamble," says Boggs, "if Nell likes him, he's all right."

"If Nell likes him, that makes him all right," says Cherokee.

"We was still talkin' an readin' over our mail in the post-office when all at once we hears Jack Moose outside."

"What's this vere literature as affronts my eyes pasted on to the outside of Uncle Sam's wake-up?" says Moose mighty truculent. We all goes out, an there shore enuf is a notice offerin' \$1,500 reward for some sharp who's been standin' up the stage over on the Longsburg trail.

"Whoever that's this up, I wonder? It never was here ten minutes ago."

"Well, jest you all hover around an watch the glory of its comin' down," says Moose, a crittin' on its leese with his knife and a crittin' the information I pants for," says Boggs, a-pickin' up an readin' of the pieces.

"I reckon I posts that notice some myself," said a big squire man we don't know, who comes in that mornin' on the stage, an who was then a-saunderin' about the suburbs of the crowd a-listenin' to the talk.

"Well, don't do it no more, pardner," says Moose, mighty grave. "We're no doubt way wrong, but we have our own peculiar notions about what looks good, so after now don't alter the landscape none round yere till you first gits our views."

"I'm offerin' even money postin' notices wouldn't hurt this critt a little bit," says the stranger.

"Well, comin' right to cases," says Enright, "it don't hurt us none, but it gries us on a whole lot. The idee of a mere stranger a-sittin' in an a-takin' up of notices like he was standin' a pat hand on what he knows an we not in it is a heap unpleasant. So don't do it no more."

"Well, I don't aim to do it any more," says the man, "but I still clings to my idee that notices ain't no setback to this camp."

"Which the same bein' a mere theory," says Doc Peets, "personal to yourself." I holds it would be impolite to discuss it; so let's all a-wheel under cover for a drink."

"So we all buss up on the Early Bird bar, an the drinks ends the talk, as they ought to."

"Along onto night we gets cooler, an by second drink time in the evenin' every one was movin' about, an as it happen quite a hand was in the Red Light, some-a-drinkin' an exchangin' of views an some buckin' the various games which was goin' wide open all around. Cherokee Hall was a-sittin' behind his box, an Faro Nell, who lotted a heap more on Cherokee than on any of us—seen like, from a little girl, she'd give a pony for a smile from Cherokee—

was slittin' up at his shoulder on the lookin' stool. The game was gain plenty lively when along comes old Gentry. Cherokee takes a look at him an seems worried a little, thinkin' no doubt of them hands the dead men held, but goes on dealin' without a word.

"Where you done been all day?" asked Nell to the old man. "I ain't seen you none whatever since yesterday."

"Why, I gots tired an done up a lot, settin' agin' Cherokee last night," says the old man, "an so I just prowls down in my blankets an sleeps till about an hour ago."

"So the old man buys a stack of blues an sets them all on the ten. It was just then in comes the big man who was postin' of the notices former an points a six shooter at Gentry an says:

"Put your hands up—put them up quick, or I'll drill you! Old as you be I don't take no chances."

"At the first word Nell comes down off her stool like a small landslide, while Cherokee brings a gun to the front in a flash. The old man was right up with the procession, too, an stood that, his gun in his hand, his eyes a-glitterin' an his white beard a-curlin' like a cat's. He was clean strain, he was.

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NEW COINS FOR OLD.

A BIG BUSINESS IN SMALL PIECES OF MONEY AT THE TREASURY.

The Story of Redemption Told by the Chief of the Coin Department in the New York Subtreasury—Immense Number of Cents and Nickels Used.

"Chink, chink, chink, chink, slide."

The sound is made infinitely quicker than it takes to write or speak the words. It is heard in the minor coin department in the treasury building, where all day long the chink, chink, chink of nickels and pennies is sounded as they are counted, weighed and tied scurly into bags ready for the calls for small coin that are constantly coming in.

"There really are no pennies," said R. C. Haff, chief of the department, to an interested visitor the other day. "Pennies are English coins, and we have cents, but common usage has made the word ours and we seldom say anything else. We have three men who do nothing but count pennies all day from 9 o'clock in the morning until 4 o'clock in the afternoon, stopping at work to stretch the eyes upon some distant object. Break up the stretch of wall by pictures that have a good perspective. These rest the eye, as does looking out of a window."

When at work on minute objects, rise occasionally, take deep inspirations with light and color in rooms are important. The walls are best finished in a single tint. Windows should open directly upon the outer air, and light is better when they are close together, not separated by much wall space, not distributed. Light should be abundant, but not dazzling. It should never come from in front, nor should sunlight fall upon work or on the printed page. Never read or sew in the twilight after an exhausting fever or before breakfast. Look up frequently when at work and fix the eyes upon some distant object. Break up the stretch of wall by pictures that have a good perspective. These rest the eye, as does looking out of a window.

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There are five counters kept constantly busy, the work varying a little according to the proportion of pennies and nickels brought in during the day. It takes three minutes to count 1,000 cents. The pennies are put up in bags containing \$10 each. The same number of nickels is also put into a bag. The whole process takes five minutes. Including cutting the string to the old bag, counting and putting the coins into the new one, tying that and fastening on a tag giving the amount and the counter's initials, which is necessary in case of error, which is in this way traced back to its proper source.

"You see," said Mr. Haff, "the man takes two cents at each count. That is quicker than taking one and easier than three or four. He counts one for every two pennies dropped into his hand, so that when he has counted 100 he has 200 pennies, or \$2. The counting is not done with the lips. It would not be possible to move them quickly enough to keep up with the rapid movement of the fingers.

"When a man begins counting, he can count ten bags a day, or ten times 1,000 cents. By the time he has had six months' experience he can count 60 bags a day.

"The white pennies, mashed or mutilated coins, or even those that are soiled or corroded, are thrown aside and sent off to be melted over. The idea is to keep as clean money as possible in circulation. When the count of each bag is concluded, the mutilated coins thrown out must be replaced by good ones. This does not include plucked, counterfeit or foreign coins. These are returned to the senders to be made good.

"There is a greater demand for pennies than for nickels. This is owing largely to this cheapening business, charging 49 cents instead of 50 cents, etc. One large goods firm up town which sells a great many small wares gets in regularly about \$300 in pennies a day for making change.

"The firm's bankers come here about once in two months and take away \$5,000 in pennies, which they keep in their vault and hand out to this one firm as they are needed.

"Other dry goods houses come here directly for their pennies, which they use in quantities of from \$100 to \$200 a week.

"There is \$180 in pennies that has just come in from an ice cream firm, waiting to be counted. One day's record of our work shows \$2,000 taken in pennies and \$7,000 in nickels. We seldom take in less than \$1,000. We receive a great many nickels from the elevated roads. Yesterday they brought in \$16,000 in 5 cent pieces to be exchanged, and last Friday they brought in \$63,000 in the same way. They come in every day. It shows the number of nickels in circulation on the road when you think of the quantity also given out in exchange."

Mr. Haff was not idle as he talked, and a continuous string of callers at the little window at the front of the department received pennies and nickels in varying amounts.

"You see, people are willing to give gold for copper," he said as he dropped a gold \$20 piece into the box and handed out two bags of pennies.

"Oh, yes; people bring very small sums to be redeemed. I have had brought in a black 5 cent piece, and the person bringing it came from away up town. Possibly he had some other errand besides. A great many people think because the money is old we will give more than its face value. People have heard that the pennies of 1830 were mixed with gold and expect to get a premium on them greater than their original valuation. One man told me that he had a penny of that date assayed, and it was worth 64 cents. They think the 5 cent pieces on which the word 'cents' was omitted should bring more money. It is the same way with fractional currency."

"This was all he says, an he dies the very next second on the list. There was over \$2,000 in his warhogs, an we all possessors of it might prompt an answer.

"It is estimated that there is \$15,000,000 small scrip undreamed. Probably \$8,000,000 of it has been destroyed. Here comes that man back."

"He has gone off again to count his money. There is \$12.55. I counted it carefully, but he was not satisfied."